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DENISON'S PLAYS

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Price, 25 Cents

B. E. DICK, '16

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

**Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
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DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.	M.	F.	M. F.
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			When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c) 5 3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THEN GREEK MET GREEK

A COMEDY

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF

"After the Game," "All On a Summer's Day," "At the End of the Rainbow," "By Way of the Secret Passage," "The Dream That Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "Her First Scoop," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "The Promise of Tomorrow," "Sing a Song of Seniors," "The Thread of Destiny," "Tomorrow at Ten," "A Trial of Hearts," "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," "The Whole Truth," "In the College Days," "Little Men and Women in Stageland" etc.



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THEN GREEK MET GREEK

CHARACTERS.

- HERA.....*Possessor of a Shield*
- HESTIA.....*Of Conservative Tendencies*
- DEMETER.....*Adorned with Poppies*
- ATHENE.....*Holding the Key to a Higher Life*
- POSEIDON.....*Wielding a Trident*
- HERMES.....*A Messenger Boy*
- BARBARA.....*A Mortal*
- APOLLO.....*A Ladies' Man*
- ARTEMIS.....*Goddess of the Crescent Moon*
- APHRODITE.....*With an Anchor*
- EROS.....*Armed with an Arrow*
- HEBE.....*Youngest of Olympians*

NOTE.—In the original production, all parts were taken by women. However, the characters of POSEIDON, HERMES and APOLLO may be assumed by men and those of EROS and HEBE by children or by those of small stature.

TIME—*The Present. Early Fall.*

PLACE—*Hera's living-room in the Olympus Apartment House.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One Hour.*

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FEB 21 1917

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Hestia, Demeter, Athene and Poseidon, met at the home of Hera, are disturbed by a telegram from Zeus, heralding the entrance of a mortal—Barbara—into Olympus. They decide to win over the newcomer to their own particular faction of Greeks as opposed to the combination of Artemis, Aphrodite, Apollo, Hebe and Eros, and while they appear to work in unison, each hopes to use her own charms as a means of captivating the stranger. Barbara arrives and is borne away by her captors just as Artemis and Apollo appear on the scene. Aphrodite joins them and the three are taking counsel as to the best method of attracting Barbara when the conference is interrupted by the entrance of Eros and Hebe, each very noisy and very excited. From their disjointed story of a conversation which they have overheard, it is revealed that the enemy's plan is to seize the gold-tipped arrow of Eros and to shoot it at Barbara—since the victim of this particular arrow is always immediately seized with an overmastering love for the one who inflicts the injury. Eros plans to gild his leaden arrow—which has the opposite effect—so that the enemy may be deceived in the choice of weapons and thus put to rout, and he proceeds to hide the golden arrow among the pillows on the sofa. Barbara enters, in search of a handkerchief. Aphrodite and Artemis seize upon her. Apollo loses his heart to the fair stranger and contrives to wound the arm of the maiden with the fatal golden arrow which Eros has hidden. The inevitable happens. Barbara unhesitatingly follows Apollo, and when the two Greek factions meet in a stormy conflict of heated argument, a telegram tells them of the elopement. Like a calm upon the troubled waters come Hermes' words of advice, and in sudden shame of their petty wrangling, the Greeks clasp hands in promise of more peaceful days.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HERA—Middle-aged, querulous and emotional. Youthfully dressed in modish afternoon gown and wears her hair deeply and noticeably waved.

HESTIA—Middle-aged, prim, precise and proper. Wears plain tailor suit and hat and carries a large shopping bag.

DEMETER—Middle-aged, loquacious, opinionated and argumentative. Wears gay gown of several colors and youthful hat, loaded with poppies. Carries boxes of breakfast food and several pamphlets.

ATHENE—Highly intellectual, self-poised and dignified. Wears college cap and college gown over a white dress. Carries notebook and pencil.

POSEIDON—Genial and good-natured. Wears sailor suit or yachting costume. Carries a pitchfork.

HERMES—Slangy and pert. Wears ordinary suit of a messenger boy.

BARBARA—Sweet and appealing. When she first enters she wears a traveling hat and coat, which she later removes, revealing a pretty afternoon dress.

APOLLO—Courteous, persuasive and fascinating. Wears fashionable afternoon suit.

ARTEMIS—Athletic in type, frank, unaffected and a trifle boyish. Wears a sporting suit of khaki and carries a gun.

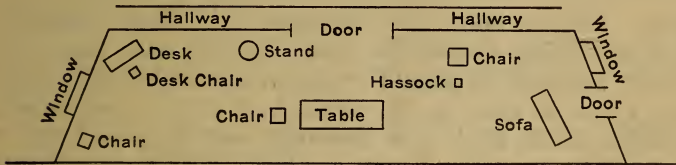
APHRODITE—Coy, coquettish, frivolous, gushing in manner. Wears elaborate afternoon hat and gown, extreme in style, and has a long, swinging pendant. Carries a string of jingling silver articles.

EROS *and* HEBE—Talkative, precocious children. Eros wears a Russian blouse suit and bobbed hair. Hebe, a stylish child costume. Eros carries a quiver of arrows and Hebe a doll or a Teddy bear.

PROPERTIES.

Three large arm chairs, sofa, hassock, desk and desk chair, stand with vase of flowers, push button, large table with lamp, books, papers, etc., pillows for sofa, curtains for windows, portieres for large door, pictures and rugs, speaking tube. Bird cage and shield for Hera. Shopping bag and dish towel for Hestia. Several boxes of breakfast food and several pamphlets for Demeter. Notebook and pencil for Athene. Trident (pitchfork) and money for Poseidon. Two telegrams for Hermes. Suitcase for Barbara. Gun for Artemis. Pendant, powder-puff and small mirror for Aphrodite. Quiver of arrows (one of them golden) for Eros. Doll or Teddy bear for Hebe. Bell for off stage.

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THEN GREEK MET GREEK

SCENE: HERA'S living-room in the Olympus apartment house. Doorway C. in F., showing hall beyond and practical door down L. Window at L. U. E. and large window down R. Speaking tube, R. of C. in F. and push button L. of C. in F. Stand with flowers R. of C. in F. Desk with desk chair R. U. E. Large table at C. with large chair R. of table. Sofa with pillows down L. Large chair L. of C. in F. with hassock. Large chair R. 2 E. Lamp, books and papers for table. Furnishings for desk. Rugs, pictures, window curtains and portieres. Stage well lighted throughout the play, since it is afternoon.

Curtain rises on clear stage. In a moment, enter HERA, C. in F., carrying a cage containing an eagle. An eagle is not necessary if the cage has bars placed close together. Otherwise, any stuffed bird will answer the purpose.

HERA. Plague take this old eagle! If Zeus thinks he needs a rest, why doesn't he take his bird with him? An apartment house is no place for pets or for children. (*Spitefully.*) I had to give up my peacock, I notice, and—(*raising window at L. U. E. and thrusting out the cage*) out on the fire-escape you go. I suppose there will be complaints, but since Zeus is proprietor—(*tube on wall R. of C. in F. sounds and she hurries to it*). Yes? Oh, Hestia! Come right up. The door not open? Then I'll touch the button. (*Presses button L. of C. in F.*) Meddlesome old maid! Why can't she stay at home instead of poking her nose into other people's affairs? (*Walks around room, straightening chairs, rugs, etc.*) She knows that Zeus is away and probably will hint that he's found another chorus girl. (*Wipes her eyes.*) I suppose he has, but, goodness knows, I can't keep up with his amours, and it's no reason that—(*bell rings, HERA goes out C. in F., returning almost immediately with HESTIA*). Now, Hestia, isn't this too sweet of you!

(*Puts her arm through HESTIA's.*) I've been hoping that you'd take pity on me since Zeus is away—but of course you didn't know he was away, did you? (*Gently conveys HESTIA to sofa down L., where they seat themselves.*)

HESTIA (*primly*). One of the Vestal Virgins saw him go off in the taxi—

HERA. Hestia, it's none of my affair, but I feel that it isn't quite the proper thing for a guardian of the everlasting fire to be gazing out of the window.

HESTIA (*insinuatingly*). At Zeus? I understand.

HERA (*emphatically*). At any man—even if given the opportunity.

HESTIA. Which Zeus always offers.

HERA (*with dignity*). Hestia, we shall not discuss this matter any further. An old maid—

HESTIA (*angrily*). Remember, Hera, that one remains unmarried from choice, not from necessity.

HERA. Not always.

HESTIA (*suggestively*). And a glance at the women who *have* married proves that almost anyone can enter the matrimonial state if she so desires.

HERA. And if she doesn't enter it, there is no reason why she should interest herself in the affairs of those who *have*.

HESTIA (*loftily*). Matrimony is a subject to which I have given the closest study.

HERA (*sweetly*). And which you have never been able to prove by experience. I see. Well, Hestia, the theoretical is far removed from the practical, and (*leaning forward*) you'll have all you can manage if you sit quietly by your fire of conservatism with your six Vestal Virgins.

HESTIA (*raising hand*). Oh, Hera, don't, *don't*; for you touch upon a very poignant grief. I can no longer call it the fire of conservatism, nor can I glory in my six Vestal Virgins. Times have changed—exclusiveness has gone—and there are nineteen now, Hera—nineteen! (*Weeps.*)

HERA (*kneeling by her*). Oh, Hestia! What a blow it is to have one's life dream shattered! We all have our troubles,

I suppose, and a flirtatious husband—yes, Hestia, I will admit that Zeus is flirtatious—is a great trial. Often when I go through his pockets I find tokens of affection that—(*tube sounds, she jumps up hastily and runs to it*). *Who?* Oh, I'm afraid not. Orpheus has a perfect right to practice. It's his business. You knew that when you took the apartment. No, you cannot move out until the expiration of your lease. Well, you must see Zeus when he returns. I have no authority. (*Comes back to HESTIA and sits beside her.*) Since Zeus turned Mount Olympus into an apartment house, life isn't worth living. Complaints all the time—about *this*—about *that*—about Hephaestus. I do admit that Hephaestus isn't so good a janitor as he might be, for since he's in the family he does take liberties. (*Leans forward.*) But just think of Circe complaining about Orpheus when she has bridge parties lasting until morning—not quiet ones, either. (*Leans back.*) Well, Zeus can settle it—he has a taking way with the ladies.

HESTIA. So I've noticed. (*Looks around.*) Aren't you afraid at night all by yourself?

HERA. Not a bit. Zeus left me the aegis and that's even more effective than a revolver. (*Brings out kite-shaped shield from behind chair L. of C. in F. and displays it. Tube sounds; she hurries to it, setting shield against wall R. of C. in F.*) Oh, you, Hephaestus! *Who* complains of being cold? *Aphrodite!* Well, if she'd wear enough clothes she'd be plenty warm. No, you need not make up any more fire. It's early fall and the coal must last until Zeus returns. Just keep hitting the pipes and she'll think the steam is coming on! (*Turns from tube to window down R., raises shade and looks out.*) There comes Demeter—and in such a hat! (*HESTIA rises and joins HERA at window.*) Poppies! And a woman her age! That hat would be young for Hebe.

HESTIA. Demeter always dresses too young.

HERA. And such atrocious taste. Look at the mixture of colors on that gown.

HESTIA (*whispering*). Between you and me and the gatepost, Demeter has changed. If I *do* say it, Proserpina was

a well-brought-up child until that disgraceful elopement with Pluto. Since then Demeter doesn't seem to take the slightest interest in her, and they *do* say that Proserpina's housekeeping is dreadful. Breakfast dishes washed the next day—dirt swept under furniture—bakery food all the time.

HERA (*also whispering*). Demeter was never any manager, so what can you expect of the child?

Enter DEMETER C. in F. unseen by HERA and HESTIA. She carries boxes of breakfast food and several pamphlets.

DEMETER. Good afternoon, both of you. (HERA and HESTIA *jump apart*.) I found the lower door unlocked and came right up. (*Shakes hands with both HERA and HESTIA. HESTIA crosses to L. of stage.*)

HERA. Unlocked! How careless of Hephaestus. Now every peddler and book agent in town will be coming in, and there'll be complaints.

HESTIA (*sitting on sofa*). What a love of a hat. (DEMETER *looks conscious*.)

HERA. And so becoming. You always have had such good taste in hats, Demeter.

HESTIA. In that gown you are Spring personified. Its glowing beauty and bright tints radiating from—

DEMETER (*hastening to sofa and seating herself by HESTIA*). Speaking of spring, this is just the time you should be choosing proper diet. (*Turns head*.) Hera, how are you off for breakfast food?

HERA (*sitting in chair L. of C. in F.*). I've told you so many times that Zeus doesn't care for breakfast food. It puts him in a terrible temper.

DEMETER (*holding out box*). Just try this one. (HERA *shakes her head*.) "Proserpina Pomegranates," made of clean, hard seed, skillfully roasted, including a bran coat which contains the Phosphate of Pluto, grown in the grain for building healthy brain and nerve tissue. (*Holds out another box*.) And here's one for all Greeks—Panhellenic Panacea, warranted to capacitate the incapacitated, to restore nerve tissue, to bring back the glow of health and to

imbue one with the fresh vigor of amiability, harmony and good fellowship. None genuine without this sign. (*Points to seal.*)

HERA (*sighing*). Demeter, I always feel limp after one of your tirades. I—

DEMETER (*addressing* HERA). I've just been to a mother's meeting; in fact, I conducted it. (*Turns to* HESTIA.) Of course this won't interest *you*, Hestia, although they do say that old maids know more about the rearing of children than the parents themselves.

HESTIA (*icily*). After viewing the lamentable failures of *some* mothers, it is reasonable to suppose that almost anyone of average intelligence can improve upon the methods. (*Turns back.*)

HERA (*peevishly*). Now, if you two intend to quarrel, I won't listen. I'm not interested in this subject anyway. My children raised themselves.

HESTIA. I should say they did. Look at that headstrong, unmanageable Athene.

HERA (*airily*). Athene was no common child—she just grew.

DEMETER. Just grew, did she? Hera, as I have always said, *there* was your chance to employ discipline—to use self-control.

HESTIA. Self-control, indeed! (*Turns to* DEMETER.) Do you suppose that any mother who throws her own child out of the window—

HERA (*furiously*). How *dare* you! That's just a trumped-up story of yours, Hestia.

HESTIA. I *will* have my say—for Hephaestus hasn't had a fair chance. Kicked out of his home, divorced by that minx Aphrodite, and finally made to serve as janitor. It's a shame, I say—a burning shame.

HERA (*rising*). Am I to be insulted in my own home?

DEMETER. Calm yourself, Hera. These instances but serve as examples of the need of fully planned and organized work for mothers. A little effort on your part, but—

(*drawing out pamphlet*) here, read my pamphlet on that very subject. Notice the seal—none genuine without it.

HERA. I won't read your old pamphlet. I won't, I *won't!* (*Walks to window down R.*)

DEMETER (*producing another pamphlet*). Here is one upon the training of the boy. Hera, if ever a boy needed control, it's that Ares of yours. Four years at the Muses' Preparatory School, four years at the University of Parnassus, and in what has he gained supremacy save—football.

HERA (*proudly*). Made the team as a freshman; saved the day when he was a sophomore by a sixty-yard run; made a famous touchdown in his junior year, and *now* is captain of the Varsity team!

DEMETER. You're as crazy as the rest of the women. Football! (*Scornfully.*) Football!

Enter POSEIDON C. in F. with pitchfork.

DEMETER. The curse of the times. The—

POSEIDON (*interrupting*). Most unholy of sports. Can't compare with yachting.

DEMETER (*sternly*). Poseidon, how do you happen to be free at *this* time of day?

POSEIDON. Out to spot the people who happen to be irrigating. It's allowed only in the morning and evening, you know. (*Walks to chair R. of table and leans upon it.*)

HERA. What's the matter with your old water company, anyway? Couldn't even wash my teeth this morning.

DEMETER. And *why* did you say the water would be turned off? We filled the tubs and pitchers and vases and—

HESTIA (*interrupting*). It wasn't turned off at all. Now we're afraid to throw it out lest we need it. Why, we can't even take our baths.

POSEIDON. Now, be still, you women. You don't understand the franchise, and—

HERA (*fretfully*). Poseidon, why are you carrying that pitchfork?

POSEIDON. Couldn't find my trident. Half the people don't know the difference, anyway.

Enter ATHENE, *C. in F.*

POSEIDON. Hi, there, Ath. How's the lecturer on woman's rights?

ATHENE (*ignoring him as she walks to* HERA). Afternoon, mater. (*Nods carelessly to the others.*) And the rest of you. Just heard that the governor's away, so I cut a lecture and came over to ask if you wished me to stay with you.

HERA (*gratefully*). I'm not a bit afraid; but it's lovely of you to think of me at all.

DEMETER (*sharply*). Think of you! Why shouldn't she? Her place is *here*.

HESTIA (*primly*). In my day young women didn't go off to themselves in bachelor quarters. It wasn't considered quite nice.

ATHENE (*striding to R. 2 E.*). Times have changed since then—fortunately. Woman has awakened to the fact that her position has been wholly primitive. She has gained the moral freedom that long ago should have been hers. She has learned to think, to judge and to act for herself.

POSEIDON. Good gracious! If you keep on talking this rot, you'll never get married.

ATHENE (*scornfully*). Married—*married!* Why should I desire anything so infinitesimal as marriage when I hold the key to the land of poetry, of art and of achievement?

POSEIDON (*disgustedly*). Stuff and nonsense! You must learn that woman in her place—

ATHENE (*dramatically*). Her place, indeed! At best she is a plaything, at worst a drudge. Man works with other men. His mind is continually sharpened and developed by contact. He is monarch of all he surveys. (*Ironically.*) But woman! *She* is queen of the cookstove. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," you say to me. I answer you, "Beyond the altar lies the washtub!"

Enter HERMES, *C. in F.*

HERMES. What's the row? I've been ringing your old bell, blowing your old tube, and (*handing out a telegram*) here's something from the boss.

HERA (*sharply*). How do you know?

HERMES. Read it, of course. Wot you take me for? Delphic oracle? (HERA *reaches for telegram, but HERMES holds it out of reach.*) Nay nay; ten cents delivery. (*Leans against doorway.*)

HERA. Such a nuisance. And I never have the money handy. (*Searches in desk.*) Poseidon, you'll have to lend me some until—(POSEIDON *joins HERMES and pays him.*)

HESTIA. Why didn't Zeus send a night message? He could have used so many more words.

HERMES. Pshaw! Words ain't needed in this family. (HERA *rushes to HERMES and snatches the telegram, which she examines closely as she walks slowly down the stage.*)

HERA (*sternly*). Look here, boy; this message was received four hours ago. (*Sits herself in chair R. of table.*)

HERMES. *Sure!* Didn't expect me to give up a movie, a wrestling match and a game of marbles for just a telegram, did you?

DEMETER. Here, Hestia, you see exemplified the craze of the modern youth for amusement—for vulgar excitement.

HERMES. Oh, say, wot yer givin' us? Them movies showed ARES in his sixty-yard run. (HERA *shrieks and drops the telegram.* ATHENE and DEMETER *rush to her assistance.* HESTIA *catches the telegram, stands L. of table and reads it.* HERMES *moves down R. and stands by window.* POSEIDON *takes flowers from vase and hurries with water to revive her.*)

ATHENE (*catching paper from table and fanning HERA*). See here, mater; calm yourself. (POSEIDON *sprinkles water on HERA.*)

HERA (*reviving*). Don't Poseidon; *don't.* You'll get all the Medusa wave out of my hair. (POSEIDON *takes vase back to table and crosses to L., seating himself on the sofa.* ATHENE *stands back of HERA'S chair, DEMETER to the right of it.*)

HESTIA (*to herself*). Now what on earth can Zeus mean?

HERA (*rising and snatching telegram*). How dare you read my telegram, you—you *cat!*

ATHENE (*stamping her foot*). Give it to me. (HESTIA hands telegram to her. ATHENE reads first to herself and then aloud.) "Barbara, a mortal, has been given entrance to Olympus."

HERA (*weeping and sinking in chair again*). It's another affinity. I know it—I feel it.

ATHENE (*continuing*). "When Greek meets Greek"—why, that's all. (*Reads it again.*) "Barbara, a mortal, has been given entrance to Olympus. When Greek meets Greek." (*Hands telegram to DEMETER.*)

HESTIA (*returning to sofa*). I cannot understand that last phrase. Zeus always was enigmatical.

POSEIDON. Family conditions force him to be, I'm thinking.

HERA. Enigmatical? Well, if you had seen some of the notes I've seen. (*Hysterically.*) Oh, I won't have the creature. I won't!

POSEIDON. Oh, come now. It's dead stupid, and another girl won't be half bad. I'll take her off your hands.

DEMETER (*pondering over telegram*). "When Greek meets Greek"—"Barbara"—that means barbarian. I can't see—

HERMES. Oh, *can't* you! (*All turn.*) Ever heard the last of that spiel? "Then comes the tug of war." If that don't sink through, just remember the apple of discord.

ATHENE (*tossing head*). Disgusting boy! You are a menace to all peace and harmony.

HERMES (*laughing*). Peace? Harmony? Nothin' like that in *our* family. So-long. (*Exit C. in F.*)

ATHENE (*after a pause*). Well, what's to be done?

HERA (*hysterically*). I won't have her. Impudent hussy! Insolent interloper! I'll scratch out her eyes. I'll pull out her hair.

POSEIDON (*chuckling*). Pull it off. That will be easier.

HERA. I'll—

ATHENE (*interrupting*). Listen to *me!* (*All turn.*) Now is our opportunity for a glorious work. A stranger—a barbarian—enters our classic precincts with mind unformed,

with character undeveloped. It lies with us to put her feet upon the solid rock; to lead her to the higher life—we four who represent the best and greatest in immortal life.

DEMETER. That's all very well to talk about, but what will you do with that hoyden Artemis and that simpering flirt, Aphrodite?

ATHENE (*scornfully*). Is the conservatism of Hestia, the leadership of Demeter, the supremacy of Hera—

POSEIDON (*rising and gallantly bowing*). And the wisdom of Athene.

ATHENE (*acknowledging the compliment*). To be outweighed by the pranks of a mad tomboy and the foolish flirtations of a doll-faced nonentity? Shall we, together, win her for the heights? Shall we, together, bend our energies in behalf of her enlightenment?

ALL (*fervently*). We shall.

HERA. Let her come. I shall welcome her. (*Aside.*) Incidentally I'll win her over and outwit Zeus.

HESTIA. I shall teach her the value of conservatism. (*Aside.*) I shouldn't wonder if she'd take to me, anyway.

DEMETER (*walking to chair R. 2 E.*). This is a good opportunity to put into practice my various theories. (*Aside.*) I'm glad I have this becoming hat. It will surely make an impression. (*Sits.*)

ATHENE. My key will open to her the enchanted land. (*Aside as she walks to window.*) I wonder if they think they have the slightest chance with her. (*Reaches window and speaks impressively.*) Listen to me. (*All give attention.*) Here is our campaign. (*Jots in notebook.*) Hera, you are to have her for bride; then, tomorrow night, Demeter—

DEMETER (*interrupting.*) But I'm lecturing at Parnassus.

ATHENE. So much the better. Take her along. Have you anything for Monday afternoon, Hestia?

HESTIA. I'm chaperoning the Vestal Virgins to a matinee.

ATHENE. One more won't make any difference. And you, Poseidon, must help us out, for Apollo will be sure to rush for the others.

POSEIDON. *Sure I'll help. (Aside.)* And if she looks good to you, old man, put in your best licks for yourself.

ATHENE. Then it's all arranged, and if she must become a Greek she'll side with us.

Enter BARBARA, C. in F. She looks timidly around, coughs. POSEIDON springs forward and takes her suitcase. HERA turns, rises and hurries to her, followed by HESTIA. DEMETER rises and stands by ATHENE.

HERA (*in surprise*). It's Barbara, isn't it? How dreadful to let you arrive with nobody to meet you. But we've just received the news of your coming and it's lovely to have you here, and—(*HESTIA pushes forward*) allow me to present Hestia to you. (*HESTIA shakes hands.*) Hestia, the paragon. (*Aside.*) How I hate to say it. (*Gently guides BARBARA to ATHENE and DEMETER, followed by POSEIDON.*) And Demeter, our noted lecturer. (*Aside.*) Oh, that hat! (*Lays hand on ATHENE'S shoulder.*) And my daughter, Athene, though people do say that we look more like sisters. (*ATHENE and DEMETER shake hands. POSEIDON pushes forward.*) And Poseidon, who has the most charming yacht in commission. (*Aside to POSEIDON.*) Take that old trident out of the way. It almost tripped me.

DEMETER. Tomorrow night I am talking informally at Parnassus. I'd be so glad to have you enjoy it, too.

BARBARA. Why—thank you.

HESTIA. And have you seen the Muses in their great play, "The Furies?" (*BARBARA shakes head.*) No? Then won't you go with me?

BARBARA (*clasping hands*). Oh-h!

HERA. Come, have a game of bridge with me first and then we can all go on together.

BARBARA. How splendid!

POSEIDON. Can't you go out in my yacht on Tuesday? You really ought to see the Island of Delos—and—

BARBARA. How wonderful you all are to me!

HERA (*protestingly*). My dear—my dear—

BARBARA. And you seem just like other people.

ATHENE. We try to be. (*Takes BARBARA'S other arm.*)

Come, take off your things, and we'll have nectar together. (*All walks slowly to door at L.*) And we hope you'll make yourself perfectly at home. (*All exeunt L., talking busily as ARTEMIS enters, followed by APOLLO.*)

ARTEMIS (*coming down C.*). There she is, Polly! There she is! And with that crowd of old snoopers. (*Perches on arm of chair R. of table.*) Something must be done and right away.

APOLLO (*sauntering slowly to R. 2 E.*). Leave her to me. I've never yet seen the woman I couldn't manage. (*Sits himself.*)

ARTEMIS. Poll, you're a brick. You know, it would be a shame for that nice child to get into the wrong crowd. Why, her choice of Greeks is the most important step she'll ever take.

APOLLO. Quite so. (*After a pause.*) Who will help you out on this deal?

ARTEMIS. Aphrodite, of course. She's a bit dippy about the men, but she's a dandy rusher. Then there's Eros—he's on our side—and Hebe. Of course, Hebe's young, but she's very enthusiastic.

APOLLO. How did you learn of this girl?

ARTEMIS. Bribed Hermes to tell me about the telegram and then—I saw her. Poll, she's a peach.

APOLLO. But see here, Sis, Zeus has sent fair maids to Olympus before—and they failed to get in. That tall blonde, for instance—

ARTEMIS. Too sloppy. One game of tennis would have wrecked her.

APOLLO. The brunette?

ARTEMIS. Drove a last year's model. (*APOLLO professes horror.*) Oh, yes, she did.

APOLLO. Why didn't the intellectual prodigy pass muster?

ARTEMIS. Too many brains. Didn't feel at home with her.

APOLLO. And I could never understand why you people didn't care for the girl with the dimples.

ARTEMIS. Grinned too much—got on our nerves. If she

had entered Olympus I should have resigned the goddessship of the crescent moon.

APHRODITE (*off stage*). You foolish boy! Don't you dare to flatter me that way! Of course I'll be home and—

ARTEMIS (*rising*). There's Aphie now. I didn't expect her for hours.

Enter APHRODITE, C. in F.

APHRODITE (*coming down C. to ARTEMIS*). Who do you suppose brought me here? *Phaeton*. He's just bought a new car and (*turning*), Apollo, he says it beats your chariot all to pieces.

ARTEMIS. What an idiot! I shouldn't think he'd even attempt a second joy ride after that first failure.

APHRODITE. Really, I must talk kindly but firmly to Phaeton. (*Coquettishly*.) He's becoming a bit too devoted. Oh, I know the signs. My experience with men has made me wise beyond my years.

APOLLO (*rising and strolling to ARTEMIS and APHRODITE*). Don't be too hard on yourself, Aph. I shouldn't count the years if I were you. (*Catching the chain that dangles from her neck*.) Relieve my curiosity and tell me why you wear that curious sort of a pendant.

APHRODITE. Oh, *that's* my anchor—symbolical of my rising from the foam of the sea. I wear it just as others wear birthstones.

APOLLO. I thought that its purpose, perhaps, was to anchor the men.

APHRODITE (*sweetly*). They don't need to be anchored. I've never had the least trouble. On the other hand, it's often been my sad duty to cut the cable. (*Reflectively*.) Now, Hephaestus was of one temperament and Paris was of another.

ARTEMIS. We haven't time to talk of your husbands, Aph. They'll keep.

APHRODITE. Not always.

ARTEMIS (*shaking her*). Listen. Athene and her crowd have seized upon the new arrival. She's a peach, Aph—a peach—and they probably have all her dates.

APOLLO. A date with a peach! That sounds better than nectar and ambrosia.

APHRODITE. Don't be silly, Apollo. This is no time for foolish prattle. If you think we're going to let those old hens walk off with that adorable child, you're wrong. It's down with their platitudes and up with our fascinations!

APOLLO (*yawning*). The same old story. This rushing of newcomers is pretty strenuous for the looker-on. (*Crosses to L. and lounges on sofa.*)

APHRODITE. Strenuous for the looker-on! What effect do you think it has upon *us*?

ARTEMIS (*to APOLLO*). What do *you* know of sleepless nights?

APHRODITE (*to APOLLO*). Or nerve-racked days? *You* don't have to make any impression.

APOLLO (*lazily*). I can do that without half trying.

Enter EROS and HEBE, C. in F., running.

HEBE. I've something to tell—

EROS (*pushing her aside*). No, I'll tell it!

HEBE. You *won't* tell it! I heard it first—

EROS. But I'm a man—

HEBE. And I'm a woman—

EROS. Anyway, I'll tell it first—

HEBE (*catching ARTEMIS around the knees*). Anyway, I heard it first!

EROS. You *didn't*.

HEBE. I *did*!

APOLLO. Be still, you imps!

EROS (*catching APHRODITE around the knees*). Say, mother—

APHRODITE (*fretfully*). Eros, how often have I told you not to call me mother except when absolutely necessary. You're growing too fast, and it reflects upon my age.

EROS. Well, I *am* your son.

APHRODITE. Certainly. But as I said before, there is no necessity for making it public, for you are almost too large for Russian suits and bobbed hair.

HEBE (*impatiently*). We were playing with Psyche—

APHRODITE (*shaking* EROS). Eros, how often have I forbidden you to play with that little girl Psyche—

HEBE. And two ladies came along—

ARTEMIS (*pushing* HEBE *aside*). Really, you kids must hike. We can't listen now, for we've something important.

EROS. And the ladies were Athene and Hestia—

APHRODITE (*eagerly*). Yes?

HEBE. And they were talking about somebody named Barbara—

APHRODITE *and* ARTEMIS. *Barbara!* (APOLLO *sits up-right.*)

HEBE (*whirling about*). Now you're interested, aren't you?

EROS (*dancing about*). What'll you give us to go on with the story?

APHRODITE (*sternly*). You know very well what I'll give you if you *don't* go on with the story.

HEBE. That isn't fair.

ARTEMIS (*catching* HEBE). Tell us at once, or I'll throw you to Cerberus this very minute.

HEBE (*struggling*). *Ouch!* Let go, Artie; I'll tell—honest, I will. (ARTEMIS *releases her.*)

EROS. We wouldn't have listened, only we heard something about my arrows.

HEBE. "We'll use Eros' arrows." That's what they said.

EROS. Do you remember, mother—(*putting his hand over his mouth*) oh, I didn't mean to say it.

APHRODITE (*graciously*). Well?

EROS. Do you remember hurting yourself with my gold-tipped arrow? It made you fall in love with—

APHRODITE (*sharply interrupting*). Never mind personalities. Go on with the story.

EROS. Well, they were going to steal that arrow—

HEBE. Were going to steal that arrow!

EROS. And shoot it at the girl, Barbara—

HEBE. Shoot it at the girl, Barbara.

ARTEMIS. *Shoot it?*

APHRODITE. Don't you know that the one who is wounded

by the golden arrow is immediately seized with an overmastering love for the one who inflicts the injury?

ARTEMIS (*perching on arm of chair R. of table*). Still I don't get you. Not one of them would be willing to let the other win out.

HEBE. That was easy. Hera was to hold the bow, Poseidon was to take the arrow and hand it to Demeter, who was to place it in the bow. Hestia was to steady the bow and Athene was to shoot.

EROS. So you see, if they hit her, she'd love each one just the same.

APHRODITE. How diabolically disgusting! They never would have carried it out.

ARTEMIS. Never. They're too jealous of each other.

APOLLO (*chuckling*). Pretty cute idea, just the same.

ARTEMIS (*with dignity*). Pardon me, Polly, but I see nothing cute about it.

APHRODITE. One thing is certain. They'll never have a chance to get the arrow.

EROS. Oh, yes, they will; I'll give it to them.

HEBE. He'll give it to them.

HEBE and EROS seize hands and circle around.

APHRODITE. Eros, I've been very patient with you since you reached this smart-alecky age. I suppose you had to have it just as you've had to have measles and mumps. But there's a limit to human endurance (*catches EROS*), and you're not to leave any arrow where they can get it—*do you understand?*

EROS. Sorry, but I've got to do it.

HEBE. He's got to do it.

APHRODITE (*leading EROS toward C. in F.*). You'll excuse us, I know. There are times when Eros needs a strong rein.

APOLLO (*reclining again*). Better try a strong strap. It's more effective.

HEBE (*pulling APHRODITE's skirts*). Don't you dare to spank Eros. He doesn't mean what you think he does.

EROS (*as APHRODITE boxes his ears*). Stop that. You can't even take a joke. I'll give them my arrow with the leaden top—*now!*

HEBE (*sticking out her tongue*). With the leaden top—*now!*

APOLLO (*sarcastically*). Which, I presume, has the opposite effect upon the victim.

EROS. You ought to know, Apollo. I used it upon that girl, Daphne, you were so dippy about.

ARTEMIS. But how will you get the leaden arrow to them when they're after the golden one?

EROS. Gild it over. They'll never know the difference.

ARTEMIS (*rising and slapping EROS on shoulder*). Bully for you, Eros.

APHRODITE (*embracing EROS*). My darling son. Mother might have known that you would find a way to thwart the enemy. You shall play with my golden apple, just for thinking of that splendid scheme.

EROS (*wriggling away*). Oh, don't be sentimental, ma. Let me go. Anyway, I'm doing it for myself.

HEBE. Doing it for himself!

EROS. I like that girl and I think I'll get her.

HEBE (*taking EROS' hand*). Come, hide the gold arrow so they can't find it, and then we'll take the ugly one and make it all shiny. (*Together they hide the gold arrow among the sofa cushions.*)

BARBARA *enters L., hesitates, then coughs gently. All turn quickly and APOLLO rises hastily.*

BARBARA. I'm very sorry to disturb you, but I'm looking for my handkerchief. I think I must have dropped it here.

APHRODITE (*gushingly*). Now, isn't this fortunate! (*Rushes to her, followed by ARTEMIS. EROS and HEBE climb on chair R. of table.*) I saw you last at Parnassus Prom, didn't I? Of course you don't remember me. I was only a chaperon—and nobody ever notices a chaperon. Dear me! Didn't Ares have ten dances with you that night? (*Turns to ARTEMIS.*) You know, Artemis, don't you?

(BARBARA *shakes head*.) Of course, you've heard of her. Holds the golf and tennis championships and swims better than Poseidon. Best all round sport in the country.

ARTEMIS (*shaking hands vigorously*). And tickled to death to meet you. Can't you go for a dip tomorrow? Then breakfast at the club.

BARBARA. I'd better not promise, I'm afraid.

ARTEMIS. Oh, yes; you must. Then we'll take in the tennis tournament and the golf meet and—(*with a sudden inspiration*) I have it. We'll plan a hunt in your honor.

BARBARA. Oh, but I'm not a bit athletic.

ARTEMIS. Then I'll teach you. We'll be great pals, you and I. Shake again. (*Shakes hand*.)

APOLLO (*coming forward*). Isn't it about time to introduce me?

ARTEMIS. I'd forgotten you, Poll. This is my brother, Apollo. He's really very nice. (*APOLLO takes BARBARA'S hand and holds it until she pulls it away*.)

BARBARA (*shyly*). I'm—I'm sure of it.

APOLLO (*aside*). That girl can have *me*. Where did Eros hide the golden arrow?

BARBARA (*catching sight of EROS and HEBE*). Oh, what darling children. (*Goes to them, leaving ARTEMIS, APHRODITE and APOLLO at L. of stage*.)

HEBE. I thought you'd like us. (*Pulls BARBARA on chair between them*.)

EROS. And you may have my golden arrow if you wish.

BARBARA. Oh, how sweet of you. And may I play with you?

APHRODITE (*crossing to L. of chair*). It's really too good of you, Barbara, to humor the children.

BARBARA. But I want to play with them.

APHRODITE. And you certainly shall. They will appreciate it. But right now they have some little duties to perform.

EROS. We haven't either. You just want to get rid of us.

HEBE. Rid of us!

APHRODITE (*cooingly*). Children, children. Don't let us have a scene. Go quietly—and—

EROS. I *won't* go!

HEBE. I *won't* go!

APHRODITE (*turning to APOLLO*). Then we must ask Apollo to *take* you away.

APOLLO. This is an unexpected pleasure. Suppose Apollo doesn't wish the job.

ARTEMIS. Oh, Polly, you will. (*Aside.*) You promised to help us. You know you did.

APOLLO. I'll do it—on one condition. (*To BARBARA.*) That you'll let me come back in a little while.

BARBARA (*shyly*). If—if you really want to come.

APOLLO. Well, I really want to come. (*Comes to back of chair, seizes a hand of each child.*) Move on, you Heavenly Twins! (*Exeunt APOLLO, C. in F., with EROS and HEBE, struggling.*)

APHRODITE. I'm sorry to have this vulgar little exhibition of discipline, but growing children, you know. (*Sits on arm of chair.*)

BARBARA. I suppose it *is* necessary; but they are so dear.

ARTEMIS (*anxiously*). Are you quite comfortable? Let me get you a footstool. (*Runs to hassock L. of C. in F. and places it at BARBARA'S feet.*) And a pillow. (*Takes pillow from sofa and places it back of BARBARA. Sits on other arm of chair.*)

APHRODITE. Have you been enjoying yourself?

BARBARA. Oh, so much. But I feel so insignificant and so stupid beside such wonderful people as Hera, Hestia, Demeter and Athene.

APHRODITE. Intellectuality isn't everything, my dear. It's personality that counts. Now Artemis and I are not a bit clever, but we are—*individual*—I think.

BARBARA (*clasping a hand of each*). Oh, you're lovely—both of you—and I'm so happy to be with you.

ARTEMIS (*rashly*). I knew you'd be. I feel that this is your place—with *us*.

BARBARA. But I like the others, too. It's such an education to be thrown with them.

ARTEMIS. Yes, they *are*—well meaning.

APHRODITE. And they *do* know—some things—but—(*hesitates*).

BARBARA. But—*what?*

APHRODITE. Did I say *but*? How ridiculous of me. I didn't mean it; so forget it. Isn't it strange, though, how difficult it is, really, to judge people? They may appear to be *one* thing, while in fact they are just the opposite.

BARBARA. You mean that Hera and Athene and—

APHRODITE. My dear, I didn't mean anything. How strange that you should get such an idea. They're your friends and I wouldn't disillusion you a bit.

Enter POSEIDON, L.

POSEIDON (*to BARBARA*). Oh, here you are. I've been looking for you everywhere. Didn't find you deserted, did I? (*Crosses back of her chair.*)

ARTEMIS. Not now, but soon. (*Rises.*) Good-bye, Barbara. See you later. (*Moves toward C. in F.*)

APHRODITE (*rising*). Good-bye, dear. (*Kisses her.*) So lovely to have seen you again. Don't forget *me* in all your whirl of new acquaintances.

POSEIDON. Never mind, Aph. I won't let her.

APHRODITE (*tapping POSEIDON on shoulder*). So sweet of you, Poseidon. I know just how enthusiastically you'll advertise me. Give my love to *dear* Hera, *darling* Athene and the rest of them. Good-bye, again. I'm coming, Artemis. (*Exeunt APHRODITE and ARTEMIS, C. in F.*)

BARBARA. Olympus is certainly cordial to newcomers.

POSEIDON (*seating himself on hassock*). Especially when the newcomer happens to be—you.

BARBARA (*archly*). Do you say that to every one?

POSEIDON. Not much. I've never wanted to say it to anyone except—you. I'm even going to christen my new yacht "Barbara."

BARBARA. Oh, you must not do that; for *Barbara* is barbarian. And you're a Greek.

POSEIDON. You'll be a Greek, too, by that time.

BARBARA. There are Greeks—and Greeks.

POSEIDON (*confidentially*). You're for us, aren't you?

BARBARA. For *you*? I'm for everybody.

POSEIDON. Impossible. You must choose one or the other.

BARBARA. I'd rather choose them all.

POSEIDON. Choose us and you'll never miss the others. Hera, Demeter, Athene and Hestia are just your style.

BARBARA (*perversely*). I don't know about that. I'm very fond of Artemis and Aphrodite.

POSEIDON (*blankly*). Oh, are you? (*Rises suddenly.*) Now, Barbara, just listen to me. Don't get mixed up with that other bunch. They're—

BARBARA (*haughtily*). That will do, Mr. Poseidon. I can choose my friends without your help and under-rating the attractions of one side merely scores in their favor. Any plea from you is wasted energy on your part. (*Rises and walks L. to sofa. Stands with back to POSEIDON.*)

POSEIDON (*aside*). Rude little mass of mortality. I don't care which way she goes. (*To BARBARA.*) I crave your forgiveness for my unintentional officiousness. (*Politely.*) How did you leave the earth? Isn't the mountain breeze delightful? And what are your views upon woman suffrage?

Enter APOLLO, C. in F.

APOLLO (*going to BARBARA*). Oh, here you are, all by yourself. (*POSEIDON glares.*)

BARBARA. Mr. Poseidon has been making everything oh, so delightful.

APOLLO (*turning*). Hello, old man, you're so far off that I didn't notice you. (*Notes the strained relations.*) Good gracious! The atmosphere seems to be somewhat charged.

POSEIDON. Oh, *does* it? Then you'd better try to scatter a few sunbeams, so that you may relieve the pressure.

APOLLO. Posy, Posy! Your conversation partakes of the deep undertones of your mighty ocean rather than the sparkling wavelets of friendly persiflage.

POSEIDON (*threateningly*). Now what do you mean by that?

BARBARA (*coming between them*). Oh, dear; don't quarrel. I thought that Greeks never quarreled.

APOLLO. Quarrel? They don't know the meaning of the word. Posy and I are the best of friends. He's a bully old chap.

POSEIDON (*bowing*). Excessive modesty bids me now withdraw.

APOLLO (*politely, but without enthusiasm*). Oh, stay; do stay; *please* stay.

POSEIDON. The cordiality of your invitation tempts me. Nevertheless—I move on. (*Exit C. in F.*)

BARBARA (*seating herself on sofa*). I'm beginning to understand things better. Are you coming to plead the cause of somebody else, or—

APOLLO (*sitting by her*). Am I pleading my own? My own, most decidedly.

BARBARA. I—don't—quite—understand—*that*.

APOLLO. Well, aren't there any fellows on the earth?

BARBARA. Yes; but they're on the earth.

APOLLO. And haven't you ever had a love affair?

BARBARA. No-o—

APOLLO (*eagerly*). Wouldn't you like to have one?

BARBARA. I don't quite know how to take you. "I fear the Greeks"—

APOLLO. "And their bringing gifts?" But all gifts aren't the same. (*Moves closer to her.*)

BARBARA. Don't come so close. You crowd me. (*Thrusts hand among pillows and finds the arrow.*) Oh-h! What's this? (*Holds it up.*)

APOLLO. The golden arrow of Eros.

BARBARA. He said he'd give it to me.

APOLLO. Of course he would. And you might play with the crescent moon of Artemis if you only wished. Athene's key might open enchanted lands to you. You might have the shield of Hera just for the asking, and (*softly*) also—the heart of Apollo.

BARBARA (*dreamily*). The crescent of Artemis, the key of Athene, the shield of Hera, the arrow of Eros.

APOLLO. All waiting for your word. What shall it be? (*He draws away the arrow, and as he does so, wounds her arm.*)

BARBARA. Oh-h! You've hurt me! You've hurt me!

APOLLO. Only a scratch. And 'tis healed already. Listen, Barbara. You must make your choice. Shall it be the mystic symbol of Hestia—of Demeter—of Hebe, or the trident of Poseidon? (*Rises and moves slowly to C. in F.*)

BARBARA (*rising*). I feel very strange. It's dark and it frightens me. Apollo, where are you? (*He comes to her.*) Oh, it isn't the shield of Hera that I want. Nor the arrow of Eros. Nor the anchor of Aphrodite. Nor the crescent of Artemis. Nor the key of Athene. It's—it's just the heart of Apollo! (*APOLLO leads her away. Exeunt C. in F.*)

Stage clear for a few moments. Then enter APHRODITE and ARTEMIS, C. in F.

APHRODITE (*coming down C. and sinking in chair R. of table*). Do you suppose Apollo took her off as he said he would? Men never keep their promises.

ARTEMIS. Remember, Aphrodite, that you're speaking of my brother.

APHRODITE (*mockingly*). I know *that*, perfectly well. My statement still holds.

ARTEMIS (*flopping into chair R. 2 E.*). Don't judge all men by the worthless sticks who have divorced you.

APHRODITE (*angrily*). How dare you mention my—

Enter ATHENE, C. in F.

ATHENE (*sarcastically*). Oh, are you here? (*Pulls out desk chair and seats herself.*)

APHRODITE. Very much here. And I'm going to stay, if that's what you mean.

ATHENE. Amiability is not one of your prominent characteristics, Aphrodite.

APHRODITE. Butting-in is certainly one of yours.

ARTEMIS (*crossly*). Oh, be still; both of you. I'm dead tired and it gets on my nerves.

Enter HERA, L.

HERA. Artemis, get right off that chair. You know it's weak in the legs. (*ARTEMIS refuses to move.*) Oh, dear, dear! I'm so hot and tired, and I've had all that dinner to cook—with a worthless, idle daughter doing nothing—nothing, I say! (*Glares at ATHENE.*)

ATHENE. Don't provoke me, or I'll say something I shouldn't.

Enter HESTIA, L., with dish towel.

ATHENE. The kitchen isn't my sphere of action.

HESTIA. Nor mine, either. I didn't wash those dishes, Hera. I thought it wasn't my place. (*Throws towel on back of sofa and sits on sofa.*)

HERA (*fretfully*). Don't throw that there, Hestia. (*Catches up towel.*) I don't see *why* you couldn't wash the dishes. Goodness knows, I've done enough for you. (*Takes hassock and carries it back to chair L. of C. in F.*) Old maids do get so cranky!

Enter DEMETER, L.

DEMETER (*crossing to APHRODITE*). Dear me, Aphrodite, is that you? (*Looks critically.*) You're beginning to show your age very plainly. You ought to freshen up a bit. (*Holds out box of breakfast food.*) Now, here's breakfast food that—

APHRODITE (*shrieking*). Demeter, if you come any nearer with that thing, I'll slap your face. I always will think that Paris ruined his digestion by eating those little hay mattresses of yours.

HERA (*peevishly*). Demeter, you're kicking up that rug. (*Straightens rug.*) I don't see why people must crowd in my house and ruin my things, and—(*sinks in chair L. of C. in F.*)

HESTIA. If you don't take off that hat, Demeter, I'll scream or do something dreadful. I know just how a bull feels when he catches sight of a red rag.

DEMETER (*angrily, as she seats herself by HESTIA, pushing her aside*). When I choose my clothes to suit you, you'll know it, you meddling old maid.

Enter POSEIDON, C. in F.

HERA. Leave that old pitchfork in the hall, Poseidon. You've tripped me twice today and—(*as he does not obey*) *do you hear me?* I'll kick it out if you don't do as I say.

POSEIDON (*throwing pitchfork into hall*). Pretty sort of a reward for making a simpleton of myself with that girl. The next time I enter into any sort of an agreement with you rattle-pated creatures, you'll know it. (*Scornfully.*) *Barbara, indeed!* (*Stands R. of C. hands in pockets.*)

Enter EROS and HEBE, C. in F., shrieking.

EROS (*coming down C. to APHRODITE*). Oh-oh-oh! I'm dying—I know I am!

HEBE (*following*). Oh, such a pain! It makes me want to turn inside out! Oh-oh-oh!

EROS. Help! Medicine! Anything!

APHRODITE (*calmly powdering her nose*). What is it, Eros? Stop that noise and tell me what has happened.

HERA (*shrilly*). Look here, Aphrodite, if those children are going to be sick I don't want them sick in my house.

HEBE (*crying*). We ate—we ate—

ATHENE (*mockingly*). As usual. I never saw you when you weren't eating.

HERA (*rising*). Then your hands are sticky. Don't you dare to put them on my furniture. (*Paces up and down L.*)

APHRODITE (*soothingly*). Don't mind what she says, Eros. What did you eat, darling?

HEBE (*putting her hand over EROS' mouth*). Don't you tell her; she'll spank!

EROS (*bending double*). I've got to tell—it hurts so! Oh-h! We ate the golden apple!

APHRODITE (*rising and shaking him*). My golden apple? My apple that came from Paris? You meddling, troublesome, disobedient children! I hope it does make you sick!

Enter HERMES, C. in F.

APHRODITE. I do! I do!

HERMES (*at door*). Ours is a happy little home!

HERA. Hermes, you have the most annoying habit of entering my apartment without ringing. (*Pushes him into hall.*) Be careful; don't get my carpet muddy. You've done enough damage today by bringing that telegram.

HERMES (*drawing telegram from pocket*). Then count me in for a few more pages, for here's another.

HERA (*weeping*). I haven't the strength to open it. If Zeus has sent another mortal, I'll sue for a divorce, I will—I will! (*Sinks in chair L. of C. in F.*)

ATHENE (*rising*). Give it to me!

APHRODITE. Why should you open it, Athene?

HESTIA (*rising*). You assume responsibility—

DEMETER (*rising*). That belongs to your elders.

ARTEMIS (*rising and turning her back to them*). There's no such thing as justice in this place. I'm getting pretty tired of it!

POSEIDON. See here. Stop your wrangling—and let me open it. I'm the only one who has the price, anyway. (*Beckons HERMES to him, takes telegram and pays him.*) There, kid—take your money and shake the dust of Olympus from your feet. (*ATHENE comes back of POSEIDON and peers over his shoulder.*)

HERA (*rising and pushing in between HERMES and POSEIDON*). That's just like you, Poseidon—inconsiderate to the last. Why you should desire to cause me more work, I can't understand. Shake the dust, indeed! When he's already scraped quantities of mud from his feet.

HERMES (*to POSEIDON*). Well, why don't you open it? I've a hunch as to what's in it.

HESTIA (*sarcastically*). Of course you have. When it comes to reading between the lines, you're unusually proficient.

HERMES (*calmly*). That's me biz. (*To POSEIDON.*) Hurry up. Light the fuse and start up the fireworks. (*All stand in strained and expectant attitudes. POSEIDON holds telegram so that no one can see.*)

POSEIDON (*as he reads*). Holy Moses! (*Pause.*) Great jumping Jehosephat! (*Reads again.*) For the love of Mike!

APHRODITE (*weeping and sinking in chair R. of table*). How a man can be so unkind, I can't understand. Reading that thing and never telling us a word when he knows that we're dying to know.

POSEIDON. Then listen, and maybe your enthusiasm will vanish. (*Reads aloud.*) "I have eloped with Apollo." (*Pauses.*) It's signed—Barbara. (*Long pause—each looks at the other.*)

ARTEMIS (*sinking in chair R. 2 E.*). Oh, Polly, Polly! How could you!

APHRODITE (*powdering nose*). Impudent hussy!

HERA (*sighing with relief as she retires to chair L. of C. in F.*) I'm glad she's gone. Zeus always has had atrocious taste—

HESTIA. Even when he chose you. (*Sits down emphatically.*)

ATHENE. From the moment I spoke to her I knew just what kind of a girl she was. (*Goes down R. and sits on arm of ARTEMIS' chair.*)

EROS (*dancing around*). My pain's all gone. I guess she caused it.

HEBE (*dancing around*). My pain's all gone. I guess she caused it. (*EROS and HEBE catch hands and circle around back of table, near C. in F.*)

DEMETER (*sitting and gathering up her boxes*). I never wanted her, anyway.

POSEIDON (*going to chair R. of table and leaning on back*). Too sharp a tongue to suit me.

HERMES (*coming down R. to front of stage*). Aren't you a bunch of knockers? Be real sports. If you're stung, grin over it and don't act the baby. Instead of fightin' like cats and dogs and bein' jealous and spiteful, ring in a few good words about each other. Try the glad hand instead of the hammer. D'ye know what I think? A Greek who can't see some good in his fellow Greeks ain't much of a Greek

himself. Them's my sentiments. So-long! (*Turns and goes out C. in F.*)

(*Long pause. They glance furtively at each other.*)

ARTEMIS (*rising*). There's truth in what Hermes says, isn't there? We *are* knockers. We *do* quarrel, and we never look for the good in each other. I wonder if—oh, I don't know how to put it; but can't we do away with all the enmities, all the jealousies, all the disagreements? Isn't it possible to have a spirit of friendliness, of co-operation and of good-fellowship?

ATHENE (*rising and putting arm about ARTEMIS*). Let's make it possible. Let's cultivate a Panhellenic spirit that shall be really true and helpful and ennobling. Shall we?

(*After a pause APHRODITE looks up and takes POSEIDON'S outstretched hand. EROS and HEBE perch on either side of HERA'S chair. DEMETER and HESTIA look steadfastly at each other and clasp hands as the curtain goes down.*)

CURTAIN.

By Way of the Secret Passage

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 1 male, 11 females. The character of John Harvey can easily be assumed by a girl if it is not desirable to have a man in the cast. Time, 1¾ hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Mrs. Sherman, the hostess. Betty Drew, her niece. Ruth, Alice and Rita, guests. Hannah, a maid. Madame Drew, of revolutionary days. Annette, Caroline and Elizabeth, her daughters. Wenonah, an Indian maid. John Harvey, of the Patriot army.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty's engagement dance on Christmas night. The portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Drew. Betty's great-great-grandmother. The story of Mistress Elizabeth's romantic career. Ghosts of the happy pair haunt the room each Christmas night. Rita falls asleep in a chair and dreams a dream.

Act II.—**Scene 1**—The dream of long ago. John Harvey gains an interview with his lady love. The secret mission is made known to Mistress Elizabeth and the marked chart is put into her hands. Shots, pursuit and the secret passage. **Scene 11**—Where is Elizabeth? The mysterious tapping. Elizabeth makes a dramatic entrance and brings astounding news.

Act III.—Rita awakes. Betty's puzzling absence is discussed. Another mysterious tapping. "He's waiting for me—at the end of the secret passage, the same as in the long, long ago!"

Abbu San of Old Japan

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 2 acts; 15 females. Time, about 2 hours. **Scene:** A simple interior. **Characters:** Abbu San, daughter of his majesty. Duchess Fuji-no. Lady Yu-giri, Mist of the Evening. O Matsuka San and O Kiku San, maids of honor. Ohano, wife of the bandit chief. Natsu-no, hostess of the inn "Million Welcomes." Okuku, sister of the Ox, a porter at the inn. Umi, Sada and Yasa, peasant maids. Henrietta Dash, an American newswriter. Aunt Paradise, a black mammy. Madam Masago, manager of the players. Ono, her maid of all work.

An absolute novelty in play construction, bristling with incidents and sparkling with comedy. The play is presented after the fashion of "The Yellow Jacket," the stage hands changing scenery in full view of the audience and the manager explaining the action and introducing the different characters from her seat at the side. The star part is particularly suited to the temperament of a pretty little ingenue, the characters of Fuji-no and Mist of the Evening call for heavy and effective dramatic work and old Aunt Paradise who longs for "ole Virginny" is a comedy creation of especial note. Dances and song numbers from Mikado are called for by the text but these may be given or not at the pleasure of the manager. A picturesque and very effective dramatic entertainment with a distinct plot that will interest and amuse any audience. Suitable for schools, colleges, clubs or churches.

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The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Scene: 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions. Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 interior, 2 exteriors. Characters: Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissy, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. Characters: Prologue and the Awakening: Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. The Dream: Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis heah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

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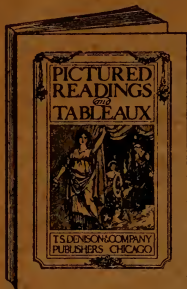
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